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# BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

VOL. XXX. BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891. NO. 1,521.



## CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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### LOVERS' WALKS.

Ah, once I liked not lovers' walks—
Nor wanderings by the hill—
When star to star at midnight talks,
And all the world is still!
I laughed at all romantic souls
That half in rapture stood;
I hated strolls—those moonlight strolls—
And always thought I should!

I vowed by all the world e'er knew
Of beautiful and bright,
No love on earth should tempt me to
A rambling walk by night!
But, ah—one's mind can little guess
To what one's heart is born;
Who thought a month—or even less—
Would find me so forsworn!

But when I loved not star—nor moon
Nor wanderings through the glen—
My song of life was out of tune,
I knew not romance, then!
Now I would rather roam till light
Bloom'd o'er the morn's sweet breast;
Than ever breathe those words, "Good night!"
Or ever think of rest.

—N. Y. Ledger.

### HIS PERQUISITE.

**Why the Squire Doesn't Keep as Well Posted as Formerly.**

"It ought to be here by this time," said the postmaster of Darby, as he shuffled in from taking a squinting view through his fist down the "turnpike."

"Well, I can't wait. If anything comes, send it up." Jake Perkins picked up his molasses-jug and went out.

The Darby mail was late: and when, a few minutes later, some one announced the approach of the mail, the postmaster felt called upon to vindicate his own position by censure of the mail-carrier, who climbed slowly out of the dilapidated old buggy called the "stage."

"You must have a powerful heavy mail, you're so long getting here," he began.

"Always have a heavy mail when Billy's aboard," said Uncle Billy Tate, winking as he entered with his usual deliberation and threw the mail pouch with a circular motion over the counter and around behind the small cluster of boxes known as the Darby post office.

"That may all be so," said the squire, "but the people of this town don't feel obliged to wait all day on a government official, on no solider ground than his being fat and his horse lean. This office is run for *the* people, not for *a* people, and they want their news on time."

"The news'll keep," said one.

"An' the squire'll never let his perkisites spoil a-layin'," remarked another, with a wink.

These frequent [illegible] the combination village store and post office knew that the squire the least wanted the news; and it was no secret that the newspapers and postal cards that came in the mail across the families living on the outlying hills gave him an opportunity for supplying his wants—an opportunity not enjoyed by the less favored residents.

In reality the squire had rejoiced over this fact when he took the office, looking upon it as one of the perquisites of the position, and "perquisites" he always had an eye upon.

He had always reasoned that anyone had a right to make a good thing when he could. If he had a better chance than most people for news, why, if there was anything to be made out of it, who had a better right to use it?

He distributed the matter among the boxes with great deliberation and entered the sitting-room adjoining the store as soon as the crowd had departed. He slipped a postal card into his wife's hand.

"Perkinses coming, S'liny."

In a very short time his wife thrust her head into the store.

"Why, it don't concern us; there's no news on it," she said, with evident disappointment. "What of it?" she questioned, as she slid back to the office and reached up to place the postal card among the P's.

"I'll put that card up, S'liny. Just you leave it down there. So you think that isn't news, and don't concern us. Well, I reckon it does. You wait till I get this mackerel kit down cellar."

Presently he came up from the cellar. "Isn't it eleven miles to Perkins'?" he asked. "And isn't Raf free as water with his money? The man that takes 'em up there's going to get paid for it, and I'm going to be that man."

"You! Why, Dan'l, where's your t'other horse and your wagon?"

"I've thought that out. Fry's mare for a half-dollar, and Job's big wagon another, and I'll clear a full five on it."

"But Jake'll go after 'em, sure, if he gets wind of it."

"Just so! But he's got to get wind of it. To-day's Monday, and I'm thinking he won't get that card before Thursday. See?"

"La, yes, I see, but don't you go to doing anything against the law, Dan'l."

"Well, 'tain't against the law to forget." The card was whisked among some papers as a customer entered.

Thursday morning found the squire at the early train, but there was no one there answering to the Perkins' relatives.

"Perhaps the folks you are looking for will come on the night express," said the conductor, of whom he inquired. "That's due at six."

"At six o'clock it'll be dark," he mused, "and they'll pay almost any price to get there. I'll wait; but what ails that horse's foot?"

Inspection proved that the borrowed animal had cast a shoe, which had to be set. Then he had to have crackers and cheese for the day of waiting; but night and the express came at last, and no Perkinses upon it.

"Well, it's queer, mighty queer!" mused the squire, as he drove slowly homeward. "They said Thursday, and here 'tis Thursday night—Whoa-p!"

He had run full into a wagon which was being driven along the dark road. By the light of a match he discovered a badly wrenched wheel.

"You come, Dan'l?"

It was late when his wife peered out into the gloom as he stumbled in out of the dark.

"Yes, I have, and that's more than other folks have!" he answered, gruffly.

"Didn't Raf's folks come?"

"No, they didn't, and I don't see what folks want to be writing to make folks traipse 'round after them for like this all for nothing. Anybody been for the mail?"

"No, but a man's been here to buy the old gray, and he said he guessed, seeing that neither you nor the horse was here, he'd back down."

"Jiminetty! If I didn't forget I'd set the day! There's the last chance gone to get rid of Bob. I tell you, S'liny, those Perkinses ought to pay me for this! I'll be out nigh three dollars before I get through with that wheel business!" he groaned. "And all because they didn't come up to their word."

Next day, after the squire had distributed the mail, Jacob Perkins entered the store.

"Hello, squire! What's the matter with uncle Sam this week?"

"Uncle Sam?" the squire asked, somewhat agitated. Did Perkins know anything about that postal?

"Yes, he's powerfully behind time. I didn't know but Uncle Billy 'd had the apoplexy or his horse 'd got choked by an extra oat, and government hed stopped accordin'ly. I ought to have had a postal from nephew Raf last Monday."

"Perhaps it got delayed. Lots of new men in the service, and Darby's out in the country. Maybe that's it."

He handed out the card with an effort at unconcerned indifference.

"I should say 'twas—and the day after ther fair. If I'd got it when I ought he wouldn't 've had to got a livery and express wagon to bring 'em all up and their trunks."

"Hey! Raf come?" the squire exclaimed.

"Bag and baggage, Tuesday, just as he wrote he would."

"Tuesday! You sure it was Tuesday?"

The squire's surprise had got the better of his discretion.

"See for yourself. It's plain as daylight."

"Why, isn't that an A in there?" The squire pointed to the word as he viewed it through his glasses.

"No, sir! You ain't so used to Raf's writing as we are."

Perkins laughed, knowing the squire's curiosity. "As I was saying, if I'd have known it in time I'd have got you to go after 'em—I was working so like a beaver, and the roads are bad. You might as well have had that ten dollars Raf threw away on the livery fellers—an' better, too. I told him so."

"S'liny!"

"Why, what's the matter, Dan'l?" his wife asked in rising accents of alarm as he put his head in at the door a few moments after Perkins' departure, a woe-begone expression on his face. "One of your attacks coming on?"

"S'liny, the Perkinses have come—the whole family."

"Land sakes!" She bounced up indignantly. "When?"

"Tuesday," he answered, slowly and solemnly. "Just what that postal said, too. Here we both of us had that thing here since Monday, and read it Thursday every time. And if I'd been attending to my own business I'd 'a' made ten dollars. As 'tis I'm out of pocket instead of in."

"It's a mortal shame!" she exclaimed, sympathetically. "Folks ought to stop writing cards if they can't write 'em plain enough to be read straight."

"Well, I can tell you what's right now." He sat down impressively on the nearest nail keg. "If this government expects I'm going to spend my time making out its postal cards to get news, it's going to find itself much mistaken, that's all."

He went back to the post office with his new determination and a dejected air. His perquisite had lost its value, and such open communications in Uncle Sam's mail were thereafter passed by unnoticed. When his lessened stock of information became a matter of comment, as occurred very soon, he had but one explanation.

"News," he declared, "isn't to be depended on."

But to S'liny he remarked: "It's losing business attending to other folks' affairs without being asked."

So it is a question whether his disastrous speculation ever forced upon him a conviction of the truth in Jake Perkins' opinion, delivered to Raf with a knowing chuckle:

"The squire hain't got as much of a nose for news as he had 'fore he got his come-uppences. I reckon he's learned that his 'perkisites' pay best when they're taken on the square."—Sarah Pierce Scarborough, in Youth's Companion.

—The winter of 1890-1891.—"I should think it was a hard winter! I can give you some idea of how cold it was here in Germany when I tell you that the polar bear in the menagerie escaped from his keepers, made his way to the snake house and tied the boa-constrictor around his neck for warmth."—Fliegende Blatter.

### TALKS WITH MONKEYS.

**A San Francisco Man Who Is Believed to Have Mastered the Simian Lingo.**

A mysterious individual haunts Woodward's gardens to whom is attributed the gift of conversing with monkeys in their own language. He is a little old man, says the San Francisco Examiner, who has seen about three score years and ten, but as he is always alone and speaks to no one very little is known about him. For nearly a year past the old gentleman has daily visited that former popular resort, deposits the entrance fee, and as quickly as his feeble strength will allow, and with eagerness depicted on his wizened and weather-beaten countenance, proceeds at once to the monkey cage.

The monkeys recognize him and set up a chattering and howling that would grate on a sensitive person's nerves, but the old man does not mind it a bit. He enjoys it and beams on the quadrumana that make every effort to reach him through the iron bars, with an expression that would lead one to think that his soul was wrapped up in them.

Finally the noise subsides and the old man gazes into a dozen comical expectant faces pressed against the bars, with twenty-four pairs of bright eyes looking at him, and utters a few guttural sounds that astonish and please the monkeys. He perfectly imitates the sounds of most of them, and all arrange themselves in a semicircle and with great seriousness listen to all he has to say. Sometimes his tone is serious, when all the monkeys put on a very abject expression and look as sorrowful as a monkey can. Then again when the tones are different, the monkeys will dance about with every evidence of delight, and all begin to jabber at once, until the old man points his finger at one of the largest. All remain silent while he seemingly carries on a conversation with one of the older ones, imitating all of the grimaces and actions of a monkey as well as any human being could.

Sometimes the conversation lasts an hour or more, when the little man bids his friends adieu until the morrow.

It is said by some that the little man was once a sea captain, whose crew were murdered by the natives on the coast of Brazil, and he made his escape to the forests of the interior with no companions but the monkeys for many months, and subsisted entirely on the wild fruits and other food berries that he could gather. It is supposed that he obtained some knowledge of their method of communication during the months of his enforced residence in the wilderness that enable him to engage the attention of the monkeys at Woodward's gardens.

When accosted the old man will not reply, and his mysterious behavior is a source of much comment.

### COLUMBUS RELICS.

**Proposed Reproduction of the Convent La Rabida at the Exposition.**

The world's fair directory is recommended by its foreign affairs committee to appropriate fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of building at Jackson park a fac simile of the ancient convent of La Rabida, of Palos, Spain. It is believed that this would be the most appropriate structure possible in which to exhibit the large number of relics of Columbus which is being collected. If the project is carried out, as it seems probable it will be, this building and its contents will doubtless be one of the exhibition attractions which no visitor will be content to leave without seeing.

It was at the door of the convent of La Rabida that Columbus, disappointed and downhearted, asked for food and shelter for himself and his child. It was here that he found an asylum for a few years while he developed his plans and prepared the arguments which he submitted to the council at Salamanca. It was in one of the rooms of this convent that he met the Dominican monks in debate, and it was here also that he conferred with Alonzo Pinzo, who afterwards commanded one of the vessels of his fleet. In this convent Columbus lived while he was making preparations for his voyage, and on the morning that he sailed from Palos he attended himself the little chapel. There is no building in the world so closely identified with his discovery as this, and fortunately its architecture is of such a character as to permit of a reproduction at a comparatively small cost, and at the same time furnish a picturesque view and appropriate group among the splendid buildings that will be erected at Jackson park. It will not only be of itself a monument to Columbus, but it will furnish commodious and convenient show rooms for the collections and relics of Columbus that are to be exhibited. Besides a large collection of maps, manuscripts, books and pictures that are being secured there will be among them public and private collections both from Europe and the United States. Many of the articles being of great value, it is proposed to bring them all together in this building where they will be secure from fire and all other dangers.

**A Novel Pencil.**

An old German in San Francisco has conceived a new idea which is rapidly bringing grist to his mill. This is the utilization of long French nails as lead pencils. The ingenious mechanic hollows out the nail, puts a screw in the head, and then, by putting a piece of graphite in the hollow stem, he has an excellent pencil. The nail, when polished looks like silver, and the pencils are in great demand.

### WITHOUT SLEEP.

**How It Feels to Remain Awake for Six Days.**

**A Contestant in a Sleep-Fasting Match Describes Some of the Strange Sensations He Experienced.**

William B. Woodford, the Englishman who recently attempted to keep awake seven days in San Francisco as an attraction for a dime museum, has written the story of how it feels to be actually sleepy. Woodford succeeded in keeping awake over six days, says the San Francisco Chronicle, when the physician in charge compelled the management to stop the cruel exhibition. Woodford, who is a bright, well-educated fellow, says:

"I entered the sleep-fasting match with the intention of staying till the end. I never undertook anything in my life unless I had first determined to see it through. The only time I had ever remained up for any length of time was on one occasion when my ship encountered a typhoon in the China sea. I was awake for four nights and days. I thought of that when I went in and I felt that I could remain awake longer under the favorable conditions that were guaranteed, but, I must say, not fulfilled.

"The first night of the contest seemed rather long, and I had been without sleep for thirty-six hours preceding and felt rather drowsy when the affair began. Friday night did pass more rapidly, but as it grew near morning I felt rather sleepy. I grew to be afraid of myself and was hoping that I would not be the first to be rung out.

"I kept my eyes open by telling myself that I couldn't be the first to quit in the face of all those other contestants. In other words, I felt just like a man who was 'way out in the country and had to walk home with the rest or be left behind.

"One by one the contestants were rung out, but the time seemed a month. The hours grew longer and longer. Saturday afternoon I had an idea that my reason was going to leave me and that I was going to be a maniac. For an hour I didn't know where I was. I was walking about the hall, but didn't know it. Once I nearly fell, but one of the contestants caught me and held me up. This was the worst sensation I experienced during all the seven days and six nights that I remained awake. It was simply awful, and I would not go through it again for thousands of dollars. The large crowd Sunday aroused me somewhat and assisted in making the afternoon and evening pass more pleasantly than usual.

"Monday morning at three or four o'clock, my ghost hours, I had a rather peculiar experience. I had a waking dream which lasted several hours. The audience seemed to be enacting a scene in my early life, and although I knew I was seeing double, I could not get rid of the second view or sight. I saw everything as it was occurring in reality in the hall, but at the same time I saw before me the other scene. Man seemed to going through the sports that I used to enjoy at school and I saw the faces of many of my old schoolmates.

"About this time I began to notice that the old man who claimed on entering to have remained awake an almost incredible length of time, and who, together with Jackson, I thought most likely to win, was showing signs of weariness. Then it was that I thought I really had some show. It was too late now to give in. Unless that I felt that it was injuring my health in some way I determined to stick it out. I started out almost like a new man. Then I had more waking dreams, especially just before daybreak.

"These hours were my mauvais quart d'heure. Then only I felt real sleepy.

"Sleepy is a mild name for it. I couldn't keep my eyes open at all, and to prevent myself falling asleep in dead earnest I ran about the hall for more than an hour at a time. Sometimes my eyes were closed.

"It was only by repeated sponge baths that I managed to keep my eyelids from coming together and staying so.

"Toward eight o'clock in the morning the sleepiness passed away and I felt as if I had just awaked from a refreshing sleep. Expecting to feel the same way every morning I became prepared.

"Often I thought I was wandering about the streets taking in the sights, and then I would return and mingle with the crowds at the door.

"On these wanderings I often felt puzzled that I was not missed. While I was perfectly aware that these were all vagaries of the brain I was unable to restrain myself. I think it benefited me, though. It relieved my brain of real work.

"Thursday morning I had a kind of waking dream. I imagined I was home in my room looking at the birds.

"A little parequet is my favorite, and I always played with it. I dreamed it had had no food and was starving. I wanted to go and feed it, but I was assured, of course, that the birds were receiving the best of care from the ladies of the house. It passed away after awhile, but I had the vision before me.

"When I got home on Thursday afternoon I found things just as they appeared in the dream. Through some oversight the birds had not been fed and were nearly famished. The parequet was biting away at the woodwork. I think that is the strangest thing about the whole contest."

### RAILWAY REFLECTIONS.

AMERICAN railroads employ 2,000,000 persons.

There are in the United States 208,949.70 miles of railroad track of all descriptions.

THERE are ten main lines of railway centering in London. Of these 2,210 suburban trains run in and out daily, while the main line trains are only about 410. In 1889 the ten lines carried 400,000,000 suburban passengers.

THE Trans-African railroad has been completed from Loanda to Ambaca, 200 miles in the interior. It is the only railroad in operation in equatorial Africa. It has been built by native workmen and daily trains run over the line.

BELGIAN railway officials, after three years of investigation, report that under ordinary circumstances the average railway train in passing overcome mile of track wears from it two and one-fifth pounds. This natural destruction of track amounts for the whole world to about 1,320,000 pounds daily.

### POINTS FOR POULTERERS.

KEROSENE the roosts once a week.

LICE are always worst in summer.

SOUR milk is a treat both to the hens and to the little chickens.

DUCKS should always have dry quarters at night if they are to be kept thrifty and healthy.

THE income from one good hen, well cared for, will pay for a good newspaper for family reading.

FEED the fowls early in the morning before they are allowed any water; feed well and water afterward.

DO NOT keep too many drakes; one to every five ducks is enough. More than that simply adds to the expense.

AS FAR as possible arrange so that the drinking vessels can be kept in the shade, so as to keep the water cool.

IF the hen does not wean the chickens by the time they have all their feathers they should be shut away from the hen.

### MARTYR HUSBANDS.

SMITH—"Were you ever disappointed in love?" Jones—"No, but I've been disappointed in marriage."—Demorest's Monthly.

A REAL VACATION.—"Are you going away this summer?" "No; I shall stay at home." "Why?" "Because my wife is going away."—Lowell Citizen.

JINKS (soothingly)—"Your wife was a bud when you married her, Mr. Breezy." Breezy (sadly)—"Yes, but she's in full blow now, I can tell you!"—N. Y. Herald.

BLACK—"You haven't been looking very well, lately, White. What's the matter with you?" White (who is married to a vixenish wife, smiling faintly)—"I'm not very well. Homesickness, I guess." Black—"Homesickness! Why, I didn't know that you had been away from home." White—"I haven't. That's just what's the matter."—Demorest's Monthly.

### HOLLOW MOCKERY.

"I WAS just struck with an idea," said Gus de Jay. "Well, if it is one of your own," replied Gus' father, "I guess you ain't likely to be black and blue from it."—Washington Post.

YOUNG NICELY—"Yes, I know that I'm a great flirt. I suppose, Miss Smilax, that you think I'm a very hard-hearted wretch?" Miss Smilax—"Yes, but your head brings the average out all right."—Boston Courier.

THE WEAKEST SPOT.—"There is one thing about the grip," said Chappie, who was just recovering from it; "it always attacks the weakest part." "So I understand," said Miss Sharpe; "you had it all in the head, I believe."

MISS SHARPE—"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Sissy? You are not looking very well." Mr. Sissy—"No, Miss Sharpe, I have a cold or something in my head." Miss S—— (calmly)—"I think it must be a cold, Mr. Sissy."—N. Y. Continent.

DOUBTFUL.—Chollie—"What a bwute old Gotwox is! Told me if I did not stop hanging awound his daughter he would bwain me. Fawncy he meant bwaining me, don't you know?" Yabsley—"No; I don't think he did."—Indianapolis Journal.

UNNECESSARY FORCE.—Friend—"What are you going to do with this immense revolver?" Dolly Simple—"I'm tired of life, me deah fellah, and I'm going to blow me bwains out." Friend—"Pshaw! Why don't you just take a pinch of snuff, and sneeze?"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

### ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) ladies have organized an anti-slang society.

COLUMBIA (S. C.) ladies are signing a paper not to shop after six p. m.

A LADY at Jacksonville told a reporter that she swallowed one box of pills each week for sixteen years.

NEAR Parkersburg, W. Va., recently a young woman jumped into the river and brought to shore two men who were drowning.

A FAD of the moment among [illegible] fad-affecting young women is to wear a flower, or, to put it more elegantly, to wear one between the lips. This, it may be added, is purely a house fashion.

AN Atchison woman who could not afford to buy mourning when her husband died wore the usual colors until he had been dead about six months, when she succeeded in saving enough money to astonish everyone by appearing heavily covered with crape.

# CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, AUGUST 29, 1891.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

[illegible] J. UMBSEN, Manager of the Central & [illegible] California Press Association, No. 305 [illegible], corner of Montgomery street.
G. H. EMERSON, 220 Pine street.


[New York Press].

## TARIFF PICTURES.

The McKinley bill, according to the Mugwumps, was going to turn back the hands of the clock of time and breed international ill will by reducing our foreign trade. But was not meant to do anything of the kind. It was intended to substitute domestic trade for foreign trade for things that we could make here, and to increase our foreign trade in things that we can't produce, by placing the latter on the free list. It succeeded, for our total foreign trade rose from

$1,647,139,093

during the fiscal year 1890 to

$1,729,330,896

during the fiscal year 1891, the biggest foreign trade year we ever had.

$34,461,224

worth of goods in 1880, and

$43,390,241

in 1890. We exported to Canada

$29,346,948

worth of goods in 1880, and

$52,291,973

in 1890.

This is the way the McKinley bill's clause encouraging beet sugar is working: In 1890 we produced 12,000 tons of beet sugar, or

24,000,000

pounds. In 1891 our production, as estimated by the Internal Revenue Commissioner, will be

29,210,000

pounds.

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The Farmers' Alliance of Kansas and Texas are at "outs"—and the Alliance people seem to be getting at "outs" with each other all over the country. They begin to recognize the fact that the country was never so prosperous as it is under a Republican Administration, and that a change will not be conducive of good to our farming interests, and the clear-headed, intelligent farmers of the country believe that it is better to let "well enough alone."

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This Summer will be known as California's hot Summer, the weather having been excessively hot all Summer. In past years we have usually had a spell of hot weather to last three days, when there would be a decided "let up" in the heat, but this summer has been just too hot, right along—no three days turn about it. There must be a screw loose somewhere in "our glorious climate."

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Quite an opposition to paving Sacramento's streets has been developed at the Capital. Sacramento will probably soon have the gall to ask the State to pave its streets for the accommodation of State officials and to sewer the town to save the lives of the legislators. Indeed, about the only progress notable in Sacramento is that wrought by the State.—Fresno Republican.

Sacramento has been liberal to the State, and more so than any other place would be; but she is slow on street improvements.

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The South produces as much iron ore now as did the whole country in 1870. This is one of the arguments that is breaking the solid free trade South and convincing the enterprising young men of that section that protection to home industries is the proper policy for the Government.—Inter-Ocean.

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A terrible explosion occured in Taylor's Building in Park Place, New York, on the 22nd. The cause of the explosion is not known, but the entire building collapsed, only a few of the inmates being rescued alive. It is thought the loss of life is not less than 100.

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Col. C. F. Crocker, was seriously hurt in San Francisco on Tuesday, by falling from a California street car. He was sitting on the railing of the rear car when the car suddenly started, causing him to fall, his head striking the paving.

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The State Prison Directors have discarded the practice of taking photographs of prisoners, as it has given detectives a chance to levy blackmail on those who, after being discharged, try to reform and become useful citizens.

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The Ohio Republicans opened the campaign at Niles on the 22nd., over 30,000 people being present to hear McKinley make his opening speech, which was a rattler.

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Thirty-three young novices were invested with the black veil in the Order of the Sisters of Notre Dame at the Convent of Notre Dame, Baltimore, Monday.

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The Bishop Register says that Long Valley, in this county, is a great camping ground for Inyo people.

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All the Memphis banks were recently victimized by spurious silver dollars dated 1859.

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Fresno is seemingly jealous of San Francisco in the murder line, and is trying to outstrip the latter's record.

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New South Wales has elected 75 protectionists out of 141 members to the Colonial Parliament.

## A BAD ADVERTISEMENT.

Before buying a house, a lot, or a business read the advertisements in the Daily Report.—S. F. Report.

Before buying a lot, a house, or a business in San Francisco, the would-be purchaser should read the report of the investigation had before the State Board of Equalization relative to values in that city. After reading the testimony of Mayor Sanderson, and its Supervisors and real estate agents, and the latter are always truthful, the investor will carry his money to a more promising locality—if he believes what they say is true.

The State Board of Equalization claim that both the real and personal property in San Francisco has been under-valued by the Assessor of that city and county, and to get at the truth its officials were cited to appear before the Board and show why the assessment roll of that city should not be raised. In examining that assessment roll the Board found that an estate valued at $2,500,000 was listed for less than $600,000; that stocks of merchandize worth over $100,000 were assessed for less than $40,000; that personal property which the State was asked to purchase for $200,000, was listed at $12,000; that a concern with an immense stock of valuable goods, and a building full of expensive machinery with which to conduct a branch of their business is put down at some $60,000, and the assessment roll, it is claimed, is full of such outrageous assessing, which is an outrage on the honest men of the State who have been fairly listed as to the value of their possessions for taxation. The people of San Francisco charge the interior people with an antagonism that they, the San Franciscans, cultivate by such rascality as the State Board of Equalization has brought to light. In their endeavors to have the assessment stand as made the officials of that city have given San Francisco a "black eye" that will disfigure its fair face for some time to the sight of Eastern people, who have been led to believe that our great metropolis was a live city.

Mayor Sanderson advertises his city by informing the Board that "business in San Francisco was not as good as it had been formerly. Merchants were reducing their stock of goods, cutting the number of employees down, and reducing their salaries. There is a great deal of property lying idle, and "To Rent" are familiar words on every street." What an admission that is to go to the world in the face of a call for a State Convention to be held in that city for the purpose of inviting immigration to this State! And then comes a Supervisor of that city who testified that "there had been a wildly speculative boom in lands south of the park. Property there had been selling for three or four times its value." And he also said, in answer to a question, that the Supervisors, acting as a Board of Equalization, never raised, but lowered, assessments. Prominent real estate agents testified, and one of these honest gentry said that "there is no doubt that fictitious values are now put upon much of the outside lands of San Francisco." Another said that "it was perfectly ridiculous for the Board to fix values by the standard of prices paid for the trashy land south of the park."

And all this damaging testimony against San Francisco has been volunteered by her high officials and prominent business men for the purpose of saving a few dollars to the rich men who never want to pay their just quota of taxes, and making the poorer taxpayers, who can but "make both ends meet," make up for their shortcomings.

This testimony will be commented on by the Eastern press in a manner that will be detrimental, not only to San Francisco, but to the whole State; but we believe these men have been guilty of a libel on San Francisco—so far as her business is concerned. We think "His Honor, the Mayor" exaggerated. We do not believe her merchants are reducing their stocks, discharging their clerks and reducing salaries. If San Francisco is "going to the dogs," why is it that a long-sighted man like D. O. Mills is erecting a marble palace on a second-class business street for business purposes? and why are its own moneyed men erecting fine buildings all over that said-to-be decaying city? San Francisco is not "going to the dogs" right away, but her rich men are trying to squirm out of the payment of their just dues to the city and State. We are glad to know there is some backbone in the State Board of Equalization. The people of the entire State have an interest in this matter, as the State tax is to be fixed on the amount of the combined assessment rolls of the State, and if the property in other counties is undervalued, the taxpayers who have been honest in their assessments will be the sufferers. If the State Board does not raise the S. F. assessment it will officially countenance dishonest assessing.

---

The Fresno Republican of Saturday last, says its people are beginning to return from the sea coast and mountains, and that all, or nearly all, would be back by the 1st of September. September is one of our warmest months and the very time the Valley people want to be in a cool spot.

---

PACIFIED.—The people of Bishop have made it all right with the Indians, for the killing of Dockey by the night watchman, by providing for his family. This should be an object lesson for those living among Indians. A few dollars go a great ways in healing the wounds of a Piute.

---

The Democracy of Connecticut have been unable to unhorse Governor Buckley, of that State, from his seat of State, but his horse shied recently on his return from a military review and threw him, but did no injury.

---

Here is a story which, though bearing a flavor of Baron Munchausen about it, is strictly true. Some time last Summer, while at Sea Isle City, a son of George Flavell, the manufacturer, of Mill street, Germantown, amused himself by flying a sun-kite. In some way the huge paper bird finally got away from him and went out to sea, with sufficient quantity of string attatched to it to give it resistance. Five weeks afterwards a despatch was received from Belfast, Ireland, saying that three fishermen noticed a kite sailing towards them fastened to some object in the water, which, upon examination, proved to be a duck which had in some manner become entangled in the string while following the trade-winds across the Atlantic. The description of the captured kite tallies exactly with that of the one lost at Sea Isle City.—Philadelphia Record.

## NEW TO-DAY.

### Teachers' Examination.

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS, Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal., August 27, 1891.

THE NEXT REGULAR MEETING OF THE County Board of Education of Mono County will be held on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1891,

at Bridgeport.

Applicants for Teachers' Certificates or Diplomas will please file their intentions with the School Superintendent, and Secretary of the Board.

The following are the studies required for a Primary Grade Certificate:

Arithmetic,
Grammar,
Geography,
Composition,
United States History,
Orthography,
Defining,
Penmanship,
Reading,
Methods of Teaching,
School Law,
Industrial Drawing,
Physiology,
Entomology,
Civil Government,
Elementary Bookkeeping,
Vocal Music.

The additional branches required for Grammar Grade Certificates are as follows:

Philosophy,
Algebra.

CORNELIA RICHARDS,
au29-td Superintendent of Schools.

### Assessment Notice.

PENNSYLVANIA GOLD AND SILVER MINING Company.

Location of principal place of business, Silver Mountain, Alpine County, California.

Location of Works, Silver Mountain Mining District, Alpine County, California.

NOTICE is hereby given that at a meeting of Directors, held on the 22d day of August, 1891, an assessment of One Dollar ($1) per share was levied upon the assessable capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately, in United States Gold Coin, to the Secretary at the office of the company, in Silver Mountain, Alpine County, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 29th day of September, 1891, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 26th day of October, 1891, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors,
JOSEPH LARSON, Secretary.

OFFICE—Silver Mountain, Alpine County, California. au29-td

## PROBATE NOTICE.

### REPORT OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.

TO THE HON. W. H. VIRDEN, JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MONO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

D. M. Walters, Public Administrator of said County, respectfully makes this return of all Estates of Decedents which have come into his hands for the Term commencing January 1st, 1891, and ending June 30th, 1891. Also reports the conditions of Estates unsettled at said term.

LETTERS GRANTED.

William Robson, Letters Issued, January 31st, 1891.
Jacob Weaver, Letters Issued, January 21 1891.
J. K. Denison, Letters Issued, July 25th, 1890.

APPRAISED VALUE OF ESTATE.

| | |
|---|---|
| William Robson | $ 600 00 |
| Jacob Weaver | 1175 00 |
| J. K. Denison | 100 00 |

MONEY COME INTO THE HANDS OF THE ADMINISTRATOR.

| | |
|---|---|
| Jacob Weaver | $ 31 00 |

DEPOSITED IN COUNTY TREASURY BY ADMINISTRATOR.

None.

MONEY DEPOSITED IN BANK BY DECEDENT AND DRAWN BY ADMINISTRATOR.

None.

PROPERTY, EXCLUSIVE OF MONEY, IN HANDS OF ADMINISTRATOR.

| | |
|---|---|
| William Robson | $ 600 00 |
| Jacob Weaver | 1144 00 |
| J. K. Denison | 100 00 |

All the property of the above named Decedents now in the hands of the Administrator is Real property.

The only money which has come into the hands of the Administrator from any of the above Estates is the sum of $31 00 from the Estate of Jacob Weaver, which sum has been paid for the purpose of defraying some of the expenses of Administration.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss
COUNTY OF MONO, }

D. M. Walters, being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is the Public Administrator of the County of Mono; that the above is a full, true and correct statement of the present condition of all the Estates of the Decedents which have come into his hands during the Term commencing January 1st, 1891, and ending June 30th, 1891.

D. M. WALTERS,
Public Administrator.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 14th day of August, 1891.

J. D. MURPHEY,
Clerk.

Indorsed:

Report of Public Administrator for term ending June 30th, 1891.

Filed August 14th, 1891.

au15-4w J. D. Murphey, Clerk.

## PROBATE NOTICE.

### Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not be Made.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT, OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM ROBSON, Deceased.

D. M. Walters, the Administrator of the Estate of William Robson, Deceased, having filed his verified Petition herein, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the Real Estate of said decedent, and all of the personal property thereof for the purposes and reasons therein set forth,

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said Deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of said Mono County, on the

7TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1891,

at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, at the Court House of said County of Mono, at Bridgeport, then and there to show cause why an Order should not be granted to the said D. M. Walters, Administrator of said Estate, to sell all of the Personal Property and Real Estate of said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in the BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION, a newspaper printed and published in said County.

N. D. ARNOT,
Judge of the Superior Court,
Presiding.

Dated August 4th, 1891.

Indorsed:

In the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of William Robson, Deceased.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be made.

Filed Aug. 4th, 1891. J. D. Murphey, Clerk.

Recorded Vol. 2, Probate Min., page 264, on August 4th, 1891. J. D. Murphey, Clerk. au8-td

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney.

### Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not Be Made.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of JACOB WEAVER, Deceased.

D. M. Walters, the Administrator of the Estate of Jacob Weaver, Deceased, having filed his verified Petition herein, praying for an Order of Sale of the whole of the Real Estate of said decedent, and all of the Personal property thereof, for the purposes and reasons therein set forth,

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the Court that all persons interested in the Estate of said Deceased, be and appear before the Superior Court of said Mono County, on the

7TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1891,

at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Superior Court, at the Court House of said County of Mono, at Bridgeport, then and there to show cause why an Order should not be granted to the said D. M. Walters, Administrator of said Estate, to sell all of the Personal Property and Real Estate of said deceased.

And that a copy of this Order be published at least Four successive weeks in the BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION, a newspaper printed and published in said County.

N. D. ARNOT,
Judge of the Superior Court,
Presiding.

Dated August 4th, 1891.

Indorsed:

In the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of Jacob Weaver, Deceased.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should not be made.

Filed Aug. 4th, 1891. J. D. Murphey, Clerk.

Recorded Vol. 2, Probate Min., page 265, on August 4th, 1891. J. D. Murphey, Clerk. au8-td

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney.


SEWING MACHINES.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Pacific Department—Distributing Office,
735 Market Street, History Building,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

F. W. KROUGH & CO.,
PATENTEES AND MANUFACTURERS OF
HORSE POWERS,
TANKS, PUMPS and WIND MILLS.
All kinds of Mills and Pumps repaired.
Orders Promptly Executed. Pumping Machines Made to Order.
Send for Catalogue and Price List.
FACTORY AND OFFICE,
51 Beale Street, San Francisco.
ap30-3m

[illegible] a year is being made by John E. Goodwin, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Reader, you may not make as much, but we can teach you quickly how to earn from $5 to $10 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages, in any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time, or spare moments only, to the work. All is new. Great pay for the every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, GEORGE STINSON & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE LEADING PAPER
OF
MONO COUNTY,
ADVERTISE
IN THE
CHRONICLE-UNION,
A CLEAN FAMILY JOURNAL.


## PROBATE NOTICE.

### Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MOONEY, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given by D. M. Walters, the present Administrator of the Estate of William Mooney, deceased, and successor of Joseph Maguire, the former Administrator of said Estate, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four Months after the first publication of this Notice, to the said Administrator, at the Law Office of Chas. L. Hayes, in the town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of said business of said Estate, in said County.

D. M. WALTERS,
Present Administrator of the Estate of William Mooney, Deceased.

Dated Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal., August 4, 1891. au8-6w

### Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF AH WOON, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Ah Woon, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the Office of C. L. Hayes in the town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 1st day of August, 1891.

D. M. WALTERS, Administrator
au1-4w of the Estate of Ah Woon, deceased.

### Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF AH QUONG TIA, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Ah Quong Tia, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the Law Office of Chas. L. Hayes, Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in said County of Mono.

Dated at Bridgeport, this 24th day of July, 1891.

D. M. WALTERS, Administrator
of the Estate of Ah Quong Tia, Deceased.
[jy24-4w]

## MISCELLANEOUS


P. G. HUGHES,

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON MAKER,

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

HORSE AND OX SHOEING,

AND GENERAL JOBBING

R. A. LEALE,
MANUFACTURER OF
Sarsaparilla and Iron Sarsaparilla,
Ginger Ale,
Soda Water,
Etc.
BODIE, CAL.

W. A. R. LOOSE,
ASSAYER AND METALLURGIST.
BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

HOMER R OSBORN,
GENERAL BROKER IN
Merchandise, Fire, Life and Accident Insurance,
510 California Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Savings and Loan Society
HAS REMOVED
From 632 Clay Street to
N.W. cor. Sutter and Montgomery Streets
SAN FRANCISCO.
The Oldest Incorporated Savings Bank in the State.
Guaranteed Capital and Reserve Fund, - $1,100,000
Loans made at lowest rates on approved collaterals and on City and Country Real Estate.
TERM AND ORDINARY DEPOSITS RECEIVED

EVERYBODY

READS THE

CHRONICLE-UNION—$6 PER YEAR.

HOTELS.

ALLEN HOUSE,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.
First-Class In Its Appointments.
Livery and Feed Stable connected with the Hotel.
The patronage of the Public respectfully solicited.
my30-tf LEWIS A. MURPHEY.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,
Main street,
BODIE.....CAL.
N. W. BOYD.....Proprietor

THE ABOVE HOTEL WILL BE conducted as first-class in all its Departments.
The Table Cannot Be Excelled.
THE ROOMS ARE FIRST-CLASS,
Being Heated and Kept Scrupulously Clean.
Very Best Attention, as well as the Best Accomodations

HOT SPRINGS HOTEL,
SAMUEL FALES.....Proprietor
JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS,
(65 miles from Sonora and 60 from Bodie)
MONO COUNTY, CAL.
This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the
STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS
The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.
Good Fishing in Walker River.
Commodious Stabling. my23-tf

BARNETT'S HOTEL,
COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,
(stops Wagon Road, 30 miles from Carson City and 35 from Bodie).
D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor
The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situated.
The table is supplied with the best the market affords.
The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Stabling and blacksmith shop connected with the house. 3-6f

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

R. S. MINER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Bridgeport, Mono County, Cal
Will practice in all the Courts of California and Nevada. Mining litigation will receive special attention. jy15-6f

H. M. EDDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO CO., CAL.
Will practice in all the Courts of the State of California
Land, Mining, and Water Rights, a specialty.
OFFICE—Court House. jy25

W. O. PARKER, Bridgeport, Cal. P. W. BENNETT, Stockton, Cal.
BENNETT & PARKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA. jy25-6f

FRANK P. WILLARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BODIE, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.
Water Rights, Land and Mining Litigation a specialty. 27-3m

CHARLES L. HAYES,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS

PIONEER SALOON,
CORNER OF COURT HOUSE BLOCK AND MAIN STREET,
BRIDGEPORT.
Refitted and furnished with the best of everything required in a First-Class Saloon
au2-tf F. M. RICHARDSON.

BRIDGEPORT SALOON.
CORNER OF MAIN AND SINCLAIR STREETS
BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.
This SALOON has been refitted, and is stocked with the BEST of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS;
And will be conducted first-class.
3-3f B. L. SIMMONS, Proprietor

THE CHRONICLE-UNION
THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

# CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, AUGUST 29, 1891.


## LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

### Personal.

Charles H. Kelly, of Carson, was here on Monday and Tuesday.

Joseph Carney was up from Antelope on Wednesday, and returned on Thursday.

H. Clay Hampton has returned from his visit to Bishop.

Mrs. Dan. Simpson, daughter and two sons; and Miss Lottie Pierce, of Smith Valley, arrived here Wednesday on a camping trip. They camped near the school house, and yesterday, with a number of our people, visited Twin Lakes. A social dance will be given them this evening at Bryant's Hall.

Frank Owen, wife and child, came from Antelope last evening to visit friends.

Miss Annie Dolan, of Bodie, is visiting Mrs. Sheriff Cody.

SACRED HEART ACADEMY.—We are in receipt of a catalogue of the Sacred Heart Academy, at Ogden, Utah, which Miss Mary Parker, daughter of W. O. Parker, of Bridgeport, has been attending. In looking through it we are pleased to note that our young friend Miss Mamie, has made good use of her time spent at the Academy. She is mentioned as being among those most worthy of mention in the matter of art work—studies in oil, toilet set in water colors, breakfast plates, and other work. In the musical program at the Commencement exercises at the Opera House, June 23d, she took a prominent part. In the award of medals, she received the gold medal in June, 1890, for Christian Doctrine, and at this Commencement it was renewed to her for another year. She is honorably mentioned in the class of Mending and Darning—a great accomplishment, for all young ladies, but one that is sadly neglected by most of them. She was awarded the prize for Composition and Literary Criticism, and also the prize for marked improvement in French. She was in a class of seven to draw for the prize for improvement in Latin. She was also awarded a Crown per Excellence in the Senior Department for Politeness, Neatness, Order and Correct Deportment.

TAXES.—The Board of Supervisors, at its regular session, September 28th, will levy State and County taxes. Under the new law, one-half of the real estate tax, and all of the personal must be paid on or before November 30th, under a penalty of fifteen per cent., if not paid. The balance is due on January 4th, 1892, and unless paid on or before April 1st, a penalty of five per cent. will be added; also five per cent. additional on the half due November 30th, if not paid. The delinquent will be published on or within five days before or after the First Monday in June.—The first payment may include the whole tax, and it is best to pay, when not too heavy. When paid, it is off one's mind, and helps the county to pay its bonds, and thus reduce taxation.

SHEEP SHEARING.—Our sheep men are busy shearing their sheep, preparatory to getting a "move on" to their Winter quarters. The shearing corral in Bridgeport is at Gahan's old barn, on the east side of the bridge, where some of our local bands are being sheared, there being some dozen or so shearers at work. They shear on an average fifty head a day each, the clips averaging about six pounds, which is considered good for a Fall clip.

At Sam Fales' Hot Springs there are a like number at work, with about the same result as above. In addition to clipping them at the Springs they are driven through a "dip" trough about twenty-five feet long, the dip being deep enough to immerse them, head and ears. After shearing, the "innocent sheep" look, and undoubtedly feel, more comfortable after being rid of their warm covering. The owners are piling up a large number of bags of wool for shipment by return freight teams.

THE DISTRICT FAIR.—The people of Bishop, and Inyo, generally, we presume, are making great preparations for the approaching District Fair. We hope some of our stock raisers will take interest enough in it to send over some good stock. We have good stock—horses and cattle—in this county, and stock men should be glad of an opportunity to show what they have in their line of business. We hear that many of our citizens contemplate visiting the Fair.

THE LOOKOUT.—This week the field-notes and plats of the Lookout Mine and Sweetwater Mill Site were posted, and next week the "Notice of Application" will be published in the CHRONICLE-UNION. This mine is in Patterson District at an altitude of 11,000 feet, and one of the corner posts is set in perpetual snow and ice. The owners are John Wagner, of Carson and Alexander S. Kilpatrick, of Cameron.

ASSESSMENT.—The Pennsylvania G. & S. Co., have levied an assessment of $1 per share—delinquent, September 29th; sale October 26th.

Dotan arrived from Carson, on Tuesday, with goods for our merchants.

Terms will be $ at Bryant's Hall this evening.

THE dance at Mono Lake on the 21st, for the benefit of the school, was very largely attended, and all had a fine time. Those attending from Bridgeport speak in the highest terms of the hospitality of the good people of Mono Lake. About $100 was cleared.

EDUCATION.—Under "New To-Day," is a notice of a meeting, on October 6th, of the Board of Education for the examination of teachers.

THE cheapest and shortest route to Carson is by Gelatt's stage, which leaves Bridgeport on Monday and Friday mornings.

INSANE.—Robert Biggs was brought from Antelope, on Wednesday, on a charge of insanity.

WARM days and moderately warm nights are the weather enjoyments here.

TRY IT! TRY WHAT?—The "Condell's Big Gun' Baking Powder," warranted 1⅓ lb. full weight and perfectly pure. Those who have used it commend it. To be had at the store of Joe A. Brown.

Macomber's XXX Vinegar, 75 cents a gallon, at Bryant's Store.

Sweet Cider from Smith Valley, 75 cents a gallon, at Bryant's.

A Special line of Fancy Groceries just received by D. Hays & Bro.

THE C-U flag-pole is in position again.

JAPANESE DOCTORS.—When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect that he will be presented a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people does not make this necessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow and thank his patron.

Hon. Arthur Brand, Liberal, who was elected to Parliament in a division of Cambridgeshire last week, was greatly aided by his wife, who accompanied him in his campaigning tours and sang to the electors. Mrs. Brand is an accomplished singer and charmed the agricultural laborers who attended the meetings.

This is a "pointer" for American politicians. It would make an election campaign very enjoyable if candidates would be accompanied by singing wives.

THE CARSON NEWS.—That it was time for a live paper in Carson, is evident by the twenty-four columns of the News being well sprinkled with local advertisements—the life of a paper. The business men appreciate the fact that a subscription does not go far toward supporting a paper—it must have steady income from advertisements, or go to the wall. From appearances, the News is there to stay.

Our exchanges are complaining of drunken Indians. This State should make it a State Prison offence to sell or give liquor to Indians, as Nevada has. It might not stop the practice entirely, but it would do some good. It is too serious a crime to let off with a small fine and a short imprisonment in a county jail.

There is an excellent estimate of Joseph R. Grismer and Phoebe Davies in their new play, "Frenchie," in the Argonaut of August 31st. The Signature "G. B." is so well known that the article will have much weight as a California judgment of a California company.

The American Screw Company, of Providence, R. I., has purchased a site for the erection of works at Leeds, England. The building is to be 100 by 344 feet, and in due time is to be duplicated. The machinery will be American. Wire mills and annealing furnaces are to be erected.

President Harrison, in his late visit to Bennington, Vt., was as happy in his speech as when making his tour of the Southern States and California. He always knows what to say, and when to say it.

Patti is going to make another "farewell" tour of the United States. Will she favor San Francisco with another "farewell," or was her last "farewell" sufficient for all time?

Canada has the same tariff on our goods and on English goods. Protected America is outstripping free trade England in Canada's market. Great Britain exported to Canada

Secretary Proctor is to be appointed United States Senator from Vermont, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Edmunds.

The Inyo Register says that Fresno fruit men wanted fifty Inyo Pintes to pick grapes, but they refused to go so far away from home.

Superior Judge Gill, of Inyo, has gone to San Francisco for medical treatment for sciatica.

Oakland and Sacramento are the prey of burglars and tramps.

### A GOOD WORK.

Harrison McCamly is now taking orders in this county, Alpine county, and Douglas county, Nev., for "Dollars and Sense, or How to Get On," by P. T. Barnum, the world's greatest showman. This work was completed about six months before Mr. Barnum's death, which occurred last April. It is a most interesting work, containing, in brief, the rules for success in life which must be followed by every one who desires to achieve either fame or fortune. P. T. Barnum was one of the most popular and successful business men of the country and well fitted and qualified to point out to others a sure road to an honorable and successful life. Having reached a ripe old age and full of the wisdom of experience, he made this his crowning work and in it will be found much practical advice, counsel and admonition, invaluable alike to the young man just starting in life, and the middle-aged who, discouraged, are almost tempted to give up the struggle—in fact it will be found to be a reliable guide, a safe adviser and a cheerful companion. It contains amusing and laughable reminiscences of his long and eventful life, and, also, sketches of twenty-five other prominent men. It also contains an appendix on "Money, Banks and Banking," which will be of value to all money getters. It is a work of 450 pages, and over 100 original pen and ink sketches. It is a work our people can well afford to subscribe for. Mr. McCamby's Post office address is Carson, Nev., Box 444.

A "short cut" across the continent of South America has recently been discovered by the celebrated explorer, Carlos Fry. The route lies from Chanchamayo to a good port on the Pichis, one of the navigable tributaries of the upper Amazon, and he declares that it will be possible by this route to reduce the journey from Lima to the Eastern River ports from thirty days to four or five. With a few score laborers he estimates that the road can be completed in six months at a cost of less than $4,000. The completion of the road would work a revolution in the trade and industry of the far interior of the Republic of Peru.

The Government has awarded a contract to the Bethleham Iron Company, of Pennsylvania, for 100 new high-power guns, of which 25 will be 8-inch breech-loading, single charge, built-up forged steel rifle guns at $17,256 55 each, the last to be delivered in 9 years; 50 10-inch, same pattern at $35,747 58 each, the last to be delivered within 12 years; 25 12-inch, same pattern, at $54,473 22 each, the last to be delivered within 12 years. This is but a small proportion of the number to be ordered.

Secretary Foster takes the trouble to deny the statement that the half dollar coin is unpopular with the public. His denial seems to be entirely superfluous. The half dollar is about twice as popular as the quarter with the average man and five times as popular as the dime.—Boston Globe.

The New York Aldermen have accepted an invitation to review the Swiss citizens on September 5th, the 600th anniversary of Switzerland's independence, and ordered the flags of that country to be displayed on the City Hall on that day.

The citizens of Birmingham, Ala., having been asked to subscribe $150,000 towards a million dollar steel plant, have done so, and the South keeps forging ahead.

The Vice President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe denies that the road is to be extended to San Francisco.

Four foot-ballteams have left New York for Europe, where they will astonish the natives.

A Judge at Chicago has rendered a decision of interest to railways and to those who travel by rail. One Mrs. Mitchell, in the course of her travels, lost her trunk and brought suit against the delinquent railroad for the value of it and its contents, $300. It was shown that one of the conditions on the back of the ticket was that the road should not be held responsible for loss to baggage to the amount of more than $100. The court held that as Mrs. Mitchell had signed the ticket she had accepted the conditions, and ordered a verdict for $100 only.—Hotel Mail.

The men who are afraid that the Alliance blatherskites will work mischief to the country ultimately have not read political history carefully. If they glance at the record of the Greenback and Granger parties they will see how quickly the Peffers and Simpsons of the past were suppressed when those gentry threatened to become dangerous.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A grocer says if a lamp chimney is washed in coal oil and never even wiped with a damp cloth it will be practically indestructible, and will smoke jet black before it will break. He has recommended this plan to customers for years, and never heard of its failing.

Excitement in the South Meriden, Conn., Catholic Church over the boycotting of Protestant sweethearts for girls of the parish by Rev. Father Moon is at white heat. He admitted having forbidden several from keeping company with Protestant young men.

The proprietor of the Atlanta Hotel at Asbury Park, N. J., was recently fined $100 and costs, for using oleomargarine on his table. The hotel is largely patronized by the aristocracy of New York and other large cities.

Captain Stephen Splivalo died at Stockton on the 22d, aged 82. He was a Pioneer, and piloted the steamer California from Callao, she being the first steamer to enter the Golden Gate.

A man in Dakota was lately sentenced to prison for half a lifetime, and the Supreme Court has decided that the time means nineteen years, seven months and four days.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It is said that Fresno is to have a new Democratic paper. The Republicans do not need another paper. The Republican keeps the Democracy hot in the collar.

The Salton sea is now supplied by two streams flowing from the Gulf of California, via New river. This will probably make this inland sea a permanent one.

A young black tapir, equal in size to a hippopotamus, was recently received at the New York Central Park from Brazil.

A New York Judge has decided that a wife cannot go where she pleases, and compel her husband to support her.

Ventura county boasts of forty-thousand acres of lima beans. What a county for Bostonians.


THE PARENT OF INSOMNIA.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a disturbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great center. A most reliable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics which, though they may for a time exert soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the coats of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all-important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflected in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.



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## AGRICULTURAL DISTRICT

## NO. 18,

## 1891. STATE OF CALIFORNIA. 1891.

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THE CHRONICLE-UNION IS THE PIONEER JOURNAL OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS IN CALIFORNIA.

## THE OLD SETTLER.

**He Rebukes Peleg, Sustains Maria and Spins a Yarn.**

Little Peleg and his grandmother had had a little misunderstanding during the day over the doing of a few chores. His grandmother had taken the ground that the chores should be done and that Peleg should do them, while Peleg felt that his duty called him to make good his promise to Bill Simmons and join that hopeful youth in a skating bout on the mill pond. If he tarried to do the chores the best part of the day would be gone, he would miss the skating bout, and on Monday at school Bill Simmons would taunt him by adapting that dreaded distich of boyhood days to suit his case and singing it at him at recess:

Peleg, Peleg, poor little thing!
Tied to his gran'mammy's apron string!

Therefore Peleg had whimpered and whined, and said he wasn't going to do the chores, and his grandmother had been compelled to take down the paddle that hung behind the woodshed door and increase Peleg's circulation before he could be brought to adopt her views in the matter under discussion. And so, although at supper his grandmother had put two nice, fat crullers by his plate instead of one, and had asked him if he didn't want another dish of preserved quinces after he had already had two, Peleg wasn't ready yet to resume the amicable relations that usually existed between him and her. There was to be a meeting of the Sol's Ridge Clothers of Them that's Naked and Feeders of Them that's Hungry that evening at Dominie Van Slocum's, and after his grandmother had gone to take her place as chairman of the society, Peleg, presuming on the feeling his grandmother generally had toward Maria on the meeting nights of the Clothers and Feeders, thought he would please the Old Settler and at the same time wake up a little sympathy by throwing out a hint that he didn't exactly approve of Maria himself.

"Well," said he, "gran'mammy's gone over to the Clothers and Feeders again to cackle and listen to the rest of the old women cackle."

"W'at's that, Peleg?" exclaimed the Old Settler, taking his pipe out of his mouth quickly. Peleg looked up with a start. The Old Settler's tone wasn't the one he had expected.

"I said that I guessed gran'mammy had gone over to the Clothers and Feeders meetin'," replied Peleg, meekly.

"Course she has!" said the Old Settler. "Do y' s'pose yer gran'mammy don't want no reecryation? Did I hear y' say sumpin' 'bout her goin' to the Clothers 'n' Feeders to cackle?"

Peleg had to admit that he had made that remark.

"Sonny," said the Old Settler, "yer wrong. M'rier don't do no cacklin'! If she's takin holt o' the Clothers 'n' Feeders she hain't doin'no cacklin'. She's doin' the crowin', b'gosh! M'riar's gener'ly cock o' the walk wherever she takes holt to help run things, 'n' tha hain't no gettin' 'round that. You hain't lived with yer gran'mammy ez long ez I hev, Peleg!"

Peleg was disappointed, but by and by he made another effort, and renewed the attack on a different line.

"I guess gran'mammy must think I'm easy stuffed," said he after a long silence, during which the Old Settler had puffed calmly at his pipe. "You know them funny shaped things in the moon? Well, I asked gran'mammy what they was once, and she said: 'Man in the moon, eatin' cabbage with a spoon!' Huh!" exclaimed Peleg, contemptuously. "Man in the moon! Jes' as if she could stuff me with a man bein' in the moon!"

"Peleg!" exclaimed the Old Settler, sternly, "Yer gran'mammy knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout! She's seen that moon come a rollin' up 'n' a goin' down more years, 'most, th'n you hev mont's. She hain't planted her garden by it, 'n' stuck her peas by it, 'n' cut my hair by it, 'n' picked her geese by it for fifty year, 'n' better without knowin' w'at's in that moon, 'n' w'at hain't in it. If she says tha's a man in it she knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout. W'at y' got agin yer gran'mammy, anyhow, y' young sarpint?"

"Nothin'!" exclaimed Peleg, giving up the struggle. "But the skatin' was bully to-day, and Bill Simmons 'll —"

"Bill Simmons be durned!" cried the Old Settler. "Seems ez if that pesky young varmint couldn't think o' nothin' else to do, so he sets you up to make trouble 'twixt me an' M'riar, th't's lived fer better'n fifty year without a word, b'gosh! 'Coptin' a few, mebbe, now 'n' then. But you go 'n' tell Bill Simmons he can't do it, b'gosh! I'll stan' by M'riar! Nobody can't git up 'n run M'riar down 'n' 'spect me to jine him. I don't keer a durn wuther he's bone o' my bone 'n' flesh o' my flesh, or wuther he's the spawn 'n' grizzle o' all the Simmonses tha is outen jail! M'riar knows w'at she's talkin' 'bout, wuther it's the man in the moon or wuther it's the man out'n the moon! You 'n' Bill Simmons mustn't come 'n' try to git up a fuss 'twixt me 'n' M'riar, b'gosh, or tha'll be some fur flyin' round here!"

"But, gran'pop," said Peleg, I wasn't—"

"Never mind!" exclaimed the Old Settler, interrupting Peleg, and waving his hand as if to brush away the unpleasant subject. He puffed at his pipe in silence for a long time, and Peleg mused bitterly on how hard it was to be a boy. His musings were interrupted by the cat rubbing herself against his leg, and he was in the depth of a scheme by which he could manage to accidentally tumble puss in the water pail on the kitchen bench, when his grandfather spoke and the scheme was abandoned.

"Say, thort yer gran'mammy were [illegible] w'en she tol' y' 'bout the man in the moon?" said the Old Settler, in a mild and bantering voice and with a twinkle in his eye.

"Then I guess she couldn't ha' followed [illegible] y' the story she knows 'bout one o' yer ancisters, did she?"

Peleg, forgetting his troubles in anticipation of hearing a lively chapter of family history. "Was he the man in the moon, grah pop?"

"Not edzac'ly, sonny! Not edzac'ly!" replied the Old Settler, enjoying Peleg's edgerness. "If M'riar had thunk to tell y' the story she'd ha' tel' y' th't y' had an ancister wunst ez get it inter his head th't he mus' go 'n' diskiver the north pole. It hain't on the reecords w'at he were goin' to with it if he had had got back hum with it, but if he hadn't diskivered it he wouldn't never ha' set foot on his native lan' no more. Oh, yes! He diskivered it. I know yer goin' ter say sumpin' 'bout yer joggerfy not havin' anythin' in it 'bout his diskiverin' the north pole, but that hain't got nuthin' to do with it. I'm a tellin' jist w'at yer gran'mammy 'd ha' tol' y' if she'd only ha' thunk of it. This happened so long ago, sonny, th't I guessa the joggerfy's forgot all about it. Wull, ez yer gran'mammy 'd say if she were tellin' y' the story, this here ancister o' your'n put on his woolen stockin's, 'n' his cowhide boots, 'n' his knit mittens, 'n' his red 'n' yaller comforter, 'n' his b'arskin cap, 'n' away he starts to diskiver the north pole. Tha hain't no tellin', Peleg, the things th't yer ancister put up with 'n' went through on his journey to'ards the pole, but he kep' gittin' closeter 'n' closeter to the place whar the moon comes up, till it got so he k'd 'most reach out 'n' tech it az it riz 'n' went on its way to shine on Sugar Swamp 'n' the rest of the kentry he had left shind him. Yer ancister's gran'mammy had more'n likely tol' him w'en he were little 'bout the man in the moon eatin' cabbage with a spoon, jist like yer gran'mammy tol' you, sonny, 'n' he 'membered that 'n' kep' a watchin' out to git a sight o' him ez he draw'd nigher an' nigher to the moon on his journey to'ard the north pole.

"'I don't keer so much 'bout the man in the moon,' said yer ancister, 'but I'd like to hev the run o' that cabbage o' his'n for about half an hour,' said he.

"But he didn't see nothin' o' the man nor the cabbage, 'n' he journeyed nigher to whar the moon gits up. Bime by, one day, he seen sumpin' stickin' up agin the sky, outen a mountain o' ice, th't looked jist like a allfired tall dead pine tree. Yer ancister stopped 'n' a good look at it. Then he know'd he had diskivered the north pole. I s'pose this ancister o' your'n, Peleg, mus ha ben the fergitfullest chap that ever lived, fer yer gran'mammy'd ha' tol'y', if she'd ha' thunk of it, th't ez he were joggin' on to'ard the pole, a-thinkin' how he'd warm hisself up a choppin' of it down, he made the diskiv'ry th't he'd fergot to bring his ax with him! But he went on, 'n' w'en he got within a quarter miled o' the pole, he heerod a noise ahind him, 'n' lookin' 'round w'at sh'd he see a comin' arter him, licky-tebrindle, but a white b'ar bigger'n a yearlin' heifer! Then yer fergitful ancister made another diskiv'ry. He had fergot to bring his gun with him! Tha' wa'n't no time fer him to sniffle over that, though, for the b'ar kep' on a comin'. Thar were unly one thing fer yer ancister to do, sonny, 'n' that were to dig fer it ez tight ez he could, 'n' sinn up the north pole! An' he dug. The b'ar wa'n't more'n ten jumps ahind him, but yer ancister reached the pole 'n' were a good ways upit 'foro the b'ar got to it. It were jist about the time the moon were gittin' up to start on its travels. Yer ancister didn't hev no idee th't the b'ar k'd climb a tree, but ez he looked back to see w'at the big bruin were up to, he 'most let go his holt 'n' tumbled down, for the b'ar were slidin' up the pole arter him ez easy ez water runs down hill, 'n' were gainin' on yer ancister at ev'ry clip. The moon were up by this time, 'n' yer ancister give w'at he thort were his las' look at it. He had got to the top o' the pole, 'n' the b'ar were most in reachin' distance o' his coat-tails. Yer ancistor give hisself up for lost, 'n' the moon kum a sailin' 'long. Yer ancister k'd 'most feel the b'ar breathin' on him, 'n' jest ez the b'ar were gointer set his jaws in his flank he felt hisself yanked offen that pole so quick it made his head swim! The man in the moon had grabbed him, sonny, 'n' reskied him frum th't hungry 'n' savage b'ar! That's w'at yer gran'mammy 'd ha' tol' y', Peleg, if she'd ha' thunk on it, 'n' she'd ha' tol' y', too, how the man in the moon carried yer ancister back to—but w'at's ailin' of ye, sonny? Is cramps a-ketchin' of ye?"

Peleg's gaze had suddenly been fastened on something behind the Old Settler. At first he looked alarmed, and then clapped both hands over his mouth to keep back laughter that seemed to want to burst forth in howls. The Old Settler looked around, and his eyes popped wide open with astonishment. Maria stood in the sitting-room door. Her eyes snapped, and her head was high in the air. She had come in the front way, with her new gum shoes on, and neither Peleg nor his grandfather had heard her.

"That's w'at I'd ha' tol' him if I'd ha' thunk of it," she snapped. "Wull, here's jist w'at I'll tell you, 'fore I fergit it, 'n' that is th't if it wa'n't fer the all-pervadin' sperit o' peace th't I've brought fum the meetin' of the Clothers 'n' Feeders I'd say some things that'd make ye wish th't you was that ancister o' Peleg's yerself, with the b'ar arter y', even if thar wa'n't no pole to climb nor no man in the moon to resky ye! An', Peleg, yer h'ist yerself off tor bed, or I'll make that paddle so hot on ye th't ye'll think yer settin' down on mustard plasters!"

Peleg hurried off to bed. His grandmother followed him. The Old Settler smoked awhile in silence. Then he slapped his hand on his knee and said:

"I'll give twelve shil'n to anyone, b'gosh, that'll steal them gum shoes o' M'riar's! A fellar hain't safe 'round here no more!"—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

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Strictly speaking, the only precious stones are the diamond, ruby, sapphire and emerald, though the term is often extended to the opal, notwithstanding its lack of hardness, and to the pearl, which is not a mineral, but strictly an animal product. Popularly, a gem is a precious or semi-precious stone, when cut for ornamental purposes.

## BONG AH SUE'S VOICE.

**It Dropped to a Basso Profundo and to Two Thousand Dollars Per Year.**

Bong Ah Sue has lost his voice, and Chinatown is stricken with dismay, says the San Francisco Examiner. He has been the greatest soubrette on the Chinese stage for fifteen years, and was brought to this city ten years ago at great expense and on a contract guaranteeing him six thousand dollars a year.

If a man were Edwin Booth or Sarah Bernhardt on the Chinese stage he could only command a small salary in his own country, but just as Tamagno or Scalchi might work for a pittance in their native Italy and receive a princely income in New York so would the favorite but starving actor in Canton or Foochow receive a fortune in San Francisco.

The tragedian of the Jackson Street theater receives eight thousand dollars a year, even in these dull times, and the leading lady gets seven thousand five hundred dollars, although she is only a man with a falsetto voice.

But while these stars appeal to the staid and ancient merchants of Jackson and Washington streets, the great soubrette, Bong Ah Sue, is beloved of the masses.

To be sure Bong Ah Sue has played in the roles of chambermaid and walking lady and irate cook, etc., but then he was the Lotta, and Minnie Palmer, the Fay Templeton, the Flora Walsh, the May Irwin and many others of the Chinese stage. When Bong Ah Sue stepped on the stage of the Jackson Street theater, with his soft, womanly screech, there was always a tempest of delight, laughter and applause.

With his large salary Bong Ah Sue was invincible with the ladies. He simply had to glance toward the upper boxes, sacred precincts of the great mercantile families, and he would win a dozen eyes fraught with admiration.

He is also a great stage manager, and as such is as invaluable as the late Dion Boucicault or the later Lawrence Barret in staging a melodrama or managing a difficult tragedy.

His salary enabled him to dress as gorgeously in his way as Billy Emerson or Maurice Barrymore. But now he has had to lend his diamonds to a greedy broker in order to maintain his erstwhile style, and to leave his enameled watch with an uncle on his cousin's side to preserve his prestige with Chinatown society.

Bong Ah Sue lost his voice as suddenly as did the famous Italian tenor Ronconi, who split his vocal chords in twain at C alt. It was only last Monday that this dramatic tragedy happened. The role was difficult and required a succession of monologues from the soubrette that would tax the efforts of the greatest artists.

Suddenly, in the middle of the third act, Bong Ah Sue's delicate falsetto went stale. With a hideous grating it fell to a coarse basso profundo.

The audience shouted with glee at first and thought it simply a merry jest.

With a grimace of pain Bong Ah Sue strove to throw his register back to place—but only a dreadful shriek came out. Then the people knew that their idol was fallen, they ceased their applause and let the play drag itself to its mournful end.

Bong Ah Sue floundered manfully through low notes and high notes to the end, and walked off the stage to his rooms a broken man.

His salary falls from six thousand to two thousand a year, and to live he will have to eschew the world, the flesh and the devil, and settle down to the grim necessities of minor roles.

## LIKE ELIJAH OF OLD.

**How a Calf Was Translated Bodily to the Heavenly Grazing Grounds.**

A cattleman of the Choctaw nation tells a remarkable story of a cyclone which he witnessed in the Indian territory. Said he: "It was about three o'clock on a recent afternoon that dark clouds appeared in the southwest, and in a few moments the clouds turned light blue and it seemed as if they were on fire with lightning. A perfect calm prevailed and the heat was suffocating. The clouds seemed to split in the middle, going east and northwest. Then I heard a low, rumbling noise, like continuous thunder. On the prairie was a bunch of cattle which belonged to a man named Horning. The terrific wind, or what you might call a tornado, lifted the cattle into the air some fifty feet and dashed them into the trees, killing them outright. Now, I am going to tell you something that may seem incredible, but is nevertheless the truth: I saw a calf carried up into the clouds and disappear. The animal went round and round in a circle until lost to view. A vigilant search was made for the calf, but it has never been seen since. The wind tore things up for a mile or so, when it spent its force. Rain and hail followed in the wake of the storm and a number of trees were uprooted. The storm was confined to the wood and did not reach the crops in the clearings."

---

**A Pine-Pollen Storm.**

A few mornings ago on arising residents of Nashville, Tenn., were surprised and somewhat alarmed to find the ground covered with a yellow deposit resembling powdered sulphur, which for a time it was supposed to be. The substance was soon found, however, to be the pollen of pines, carried by the winds from a strip of pine forest extending from Louisiana through North Carolina to Virginia. The force of the winds is so great and pine pollen so light that the latter is sometimes carried from the pine regions to Chicago in such vast quantities that the waters of Lake Michigan for miles outside the city limits are covered with a thick, yellow scum. This pollen, although minute in the present age, in prehistoric times was of great size, spores of some species of lycopodiums and selegenellas, which are allied to the conifers, having a diameter of one-sixteenth of an inch, and composed almost entirely some of the European coal beds.


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### EASTWALKER RIVER TOLL ROAD

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE rates of tolls on the
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| Buggy team | $1 50 |
| Loaded wagon and two animals | 1 00 |
| Each additional pair of animals | 50 |
| Horseman | 25 |
| Pack Animals, each | 25 |
| Hogs and sheep, each | 5 |
| Loose stock, each | 5 |
| Empty teams half-price. | |

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| Horse and buggy | $ 75 |
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